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THE
AFRICAN SLAVE;

WITH
Other Poems and Songs.

BY
STEWART LEWIS.

“ Ah! never yet was bard unmov'd,
When beauty smil'd. or birth approv'd ;
For tho' his song he holds at naught—
' An idle strain, a passing thought'—
Child of the soul, 'tis held more dear
Than ought by mortals valued here.”

HOGG.

EDINBURGH:

Printed by William Blair,

FOR WILLIAM NIVISON, BOOKSELLER, 2, ST PATRICK
SQUARE.

1816.

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TO

MY LEARNED AND RESPECTABLE FRIENDS,
THE STUDENTS OF DUMFRIES-SHIRE AND
GALLOWAY,

ATTENDING THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH,
THE FOLLOWING POEMS AND SONGS

ARE DEDICATED,

BY THEIR

MUCH OBLIGED

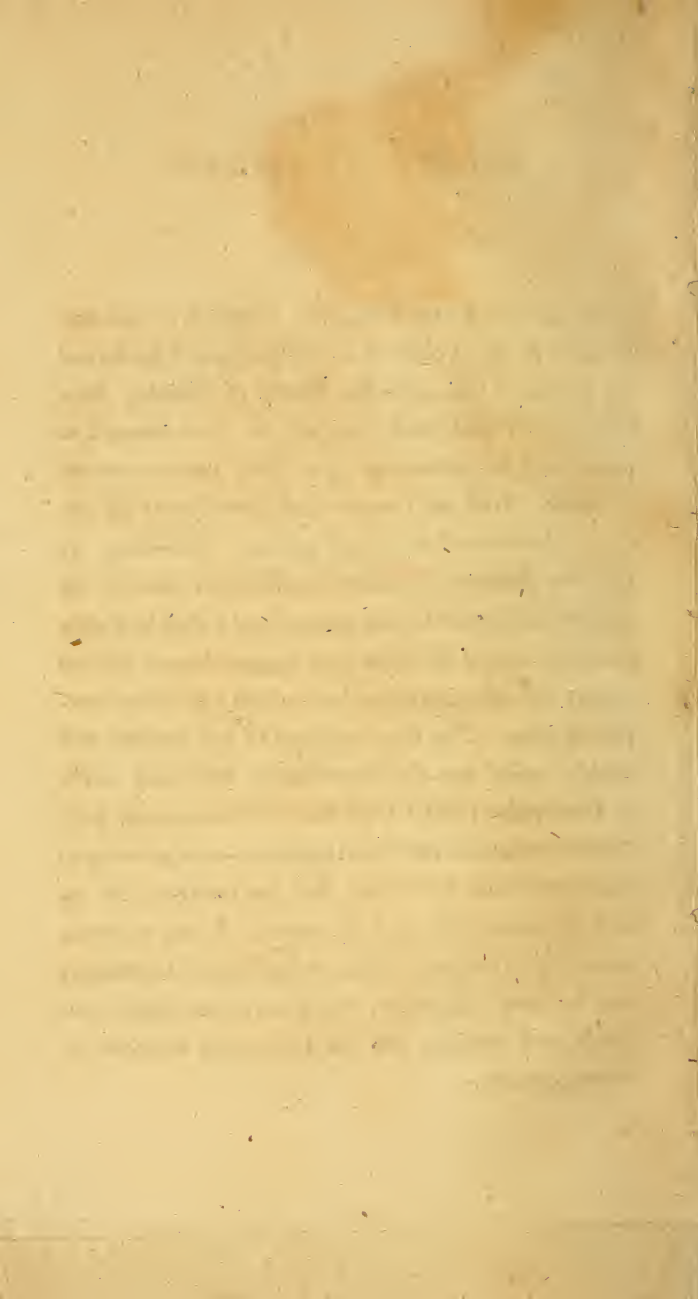
AND GRATEFUL SERVANT,

STEWART LEWIS.

EDINBURGH, }
1st March 1816. }

TO MY READERS.

ENCOURAGED by the favourable reception of the first Number of my Poems, from my generous Friends and the Public, I again take the liberty of claiming their indulgence; and trust they will be kind enough to pardon me for obtruding upon their notice a second Number. Well am I aware that these Poems are not the productions of sovereign genius. No—they are only the effusions of a mind possessed of some of the peculiar feelings of human nature; and I shall be highly gratified, should the ideas they suggest impart half the energy and glowing enthusiasm which I felt when composing them. The discrimination of my Readers will readily point out the inaccuracies that may occur in these pages; but I hope they will accompany their censure with moderation and candour;—nor give way to those censorious reflections that are too often the result of insensibility and ignorance. I can estimate, according to their true value, obligations of friendship; and for these obligations, which have been many, gratitude and sincerity bid me return my warmest acknowledgment.



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THE AFRICAN SLAVE.

“ See the poor native quit the Lybian shores,
Ah ! not in love’s delightful fetters bound ;
No radiant smile his dying peace restores ;
Nor love, nor fame, nor friendship, heals the wound.”

SHENSTONE.

GENEROUS, philanthropic Britons,

Sons of sacred liberty ;

Deign to hear a Slave’s narration,

Doom’d to want and misery.

List to poor Moranza’s story,

Born a prince on Afric’s soil.

Now a western Indian island,

Hears me sigh, and sees me toil.

Bara's groves and green savanna's
 Own'd me once their honour'd lord ;
 There, I liv'd in ease and freedom,
 Plenty daily crown'd my board.

There, first I saw the dear Almayda,
 Lovliest maid of Bara's vale ;
 Her form, the tallest pine surpassing,
 Her breath, more sweet than balmy gale.

Long with love's soft cares I woo'd her ;
 Oft my sighs confessed the same ;
 Won at last, my matchless maiden
 Own'd a tender, mutual flame.

Afric's simple sons of Nature,
 Pay no vows at Hymen's shrine ;
 Now the day was fast approaching,
 When she promis'd to be mine.

In the interim, from Old England,
 Scudding brisk before the gale,
 Her white canvass, high displaying,
 We descried a merchant's sail.

Gambia's stream received the stranger ;
 All her crew on shore did rove ;
 The Captain, with his mates attending,
 Came, by chance, to Bara's grove.

Warm'd by Nature's friendly icta }
 We request our guests to stay ;
 And with pure, unfeigned kindness,
 Treat them till returning day.

Glorious, genuine, simple nature,
 Tho' unknown in Christian land,
 Ne'er may I forget thy precepts ;
 May thy law my will command.

Europe, fam'd for arts and learning,
 Cease on Afric's sons to frown.
 Christian whites, can do some actions
 Afric's black's would scorn to own.

Soon, as mountain tops were gilded
 With the beams of orient day,
 Up arose the faithless strangers,
 And prepar'd to go away.

First, the smooth tongu'd, flatt'ring Captain,
 With a heart deep fraught with guile,
 Spoke to me with well-feigned kindness,
 And addressed me with a smile.

“ Prince,” said he, “ you'd do me honour,
 If you, and your beauteous bride,
 Would attend us to our vessel,
 Floating now on Gambia's tide.

“ Various wonders we will shew you,
 Brought from Britain’s far-fam’d coast;
 Works of Britain’s wond’rous artists,
 Who the world may fairly boast.”

Innocent, and unsuspecting,
 Soon were we entic’d away;
 With a train of vassals round us,
 Forth we march’d in fair array.

Soon we reach’d proud Gambia’s margin;
 Broad and deep the stream did glide;
 Boats were ready to convey us
 To the lofty vessel’s side.

But, O Britons! blush to hear it,
 Blush at such detested wrong,
 On the deck we straight were seized,
 And confined with irons strong.

All, but my belov'd Almayda,
 Shar'd this fate—and she to save
 Life, and pure unsullied virtue,
 Plung'd into the Gambia's wave.

That base fiend, the British Captain,
 Mad that he should lose his prey,
 Snatch'd a gun, replete with murder,
 Death it quickly did convey.

Thrice she call'd on her Moranza,
 Thrice she bade a long adieu ;
 Then my injur'd, much lov'd angel
 Sunk for ever from my view.

Mad with rage, and desp'rate driven,
 Franticly, I oft essay'd,
 My strong chains to burst asunder,
 And to follow that lov'd maid.

'Twas in vain ; th' infernal captain
Saw my aim, and quickly flew
To prevent my fix'd intention,
And in loathsome hold me threw.

There, I suffer'd ev'ry hardship,
That their malice could suggest ;
Many weeks this was my portion,
Night and day depriv'd of rest.

When those lawless sons of rapine,
Their inhuman trade had clos'd,
To Jamaica's distant island,
Straight to sail, was then propos'd.

Who can scan the heart-felt anguish,
That my throbbing bosom tore ?
When I found the vessel steering,
From my much lov'd native shore.

Oft I cry'd, adieu, dear Bara,
 Dearest Negro-land, adieu ;
 Never more will poor Moranza,
 Your lov'd, scenes again review.

Farewell bright, angelic spirit,
 Shade of my adored maid ;
 All my hopes of joy are blasted,
 And in Gambia's river laid.

Dear companions of my childhood,
 Friends, and countrymen, adieu ;
 O may no fierce, Christian, *blood-hound*,
 Your unwary steps pursue.

Soon, I hope, will death's kind angel
 Snatch me from their stern command ;
 Then, with joy my well-pleas'd spirit
 Will return to Negro-land.

Long we plough'd a trackless ocean,
 Ere we reach'd our destin'd port;
 Many dangers we encounter'd;
 Long of waves, and wind the sport.

But no pen can paint the hardships,
 We poor slaves were doom'd to feel;
 To recount what we endur'd, would
 Touch a heart, tho' hard as steel.

Numbers cram'd in narrow compass,
 Chain'd in rows like beasts of prey;
 Far remov'd from cooling breezes,
 Quite shut up from light of day.

Inly, torn with wild commotions,
 Frighted for our future fate,
 Sighing for our friends, and country,
 Pining at our present state.

This is but the shadow'd outline,
 Of a truly tragic tale;
 Silence, then, must draw the picture,
 When thy powers, description, fail.

At the last, we reach'd Port Royal,
 Where, secure our vessel lay,
 There, we chang'd our cruel tyrants,
 Other tyrants to obey.

An old planter void of pity,
 Purchas'd me, and sundry more,
 For to work on his plantation,
 That lay bordering with the shore.

Incessant toil is here my portion,
 Doom'd to work with all my might,
 From the ruddy dawn of morning,
 To the dusky shades of night.

Ev'n when wish'd for eve approaches,
 No relief it brings to me,
 Save, that I have leave to ponder
 Undisturb'd, on misery.

Often from my hut I wander,
 Guided by the lunar beam,
 To recount my nameless sorrows,
 Near a murm'ring, neighb'ring stream.

Oft, does my disorder'd fancy,
 Bring before my aching sight,
 My belov'd, ador'd Almayda,
 Drest in robes of orient light.

Quick I spring to clasp my charmer,
 To embrace the peerless fair,
 But alas ! the joy-form'd vision
 Vanishes in empty air.

Though unable oft to stagger,
 Sighs and tears are all in vain ;
 No exemption, I must labour,
 Dig the soil, and plant the cane.

Gen'rous, philanthropic Britons !
 Ye who boast the feeling breast,
 Can you hear unmov'd, my story,
 And not feel for the distress ?

Yes you do ; and heav'n will bless you ;
 You have strove to set us free ;
 Your exertions claim the thanks of
 Thousands, thousands more than me.

'Mongst those names that grace their species,
 Names that will forever shine ;
 That which claims our first attention,
 Glorious Wilberforce, 'tis thine.

THE

TWO RIVERS OF THE SOUTH.

A CANTATA.

*Written on the Marriage of CAPTAIN ORD of
Longridge, to Miss ISABELLA SHARP of Hod-
dam Castle.*

RECITATIVE.

AMONGST those hills whence Tweed and Annan rise,
A humble bard sat pensive all alone;
When lo! upon his musing, wond'ring eyes,
The spirits of the streams in beauty shone.

Fair Tweed was deck'd with wreaths of laurel green,
And olive, emblem of sweet peace combin'd;
In modest garb was lovely Annan seen,
A sprig of myrtle her bright brow entwin'd.

B

“ Gentle sister of the spring,”
 Smiling Tweed with joy exclaim’d,
 “ On this happy day let’s sing,
 May this day for mirth be fam’d.”

Hymen, sacred God of marriage,
 Promis’d soon to meet us here,
 Cupid too attends his carriage,
 Loves and graces in the rear.

Rejoice with me my charming sister,
 O may years of bliss succeed;
 On this day, the flower of Annan
 Joins my Ord, the pride of Tweed.”

AIR.—Tune, *Birks of Invermay*.

Thou glorious sun, whose radiant ray
 The sable shades of night obey;
 On this blest day propitious shine,
 When native worth and beauty join.

Thy potent beams, bright orb of day,
 That light and heat to all convey,
 Ne'er shone on pair which can exceed
 Fair Annan's flow'r, and pride of Tweed.

Hail, worthy, happy, peerless pair !
 Long may you prove heav'n's guardian care ;
 May Ord be Tweed's first fav'rite name,
 And Sharp still shine in rolls of fame :
 May virtuous deeds your worth convey
 To latest hour of life's decay.
 Yes, honour'd names—fate has decreed
 That you're to shine, the pride of Tweed.

RECITATIVE.

Inspir'd by Tweed's enraptur'd theme,
 The gentle Annan, artless dame,
 For once assay'd to sing.

In simple, unaffected strains,
 'To fancy's pow'r she gave the reins,
 To please the classic spring.

AIR.—Tune, *Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*

Chorus.

Bonny lass of Annan water,
 Sweetest maid of Annan water;
 Who can excel my Isabell,
 My blooming flow'r of Annan water.

Dear Tweed, receive my charming maid;
 Long may your Ord adore and daut her.
 May future verse her praise rehearse,
 Though distant far from Annan water.

Let distant bards strange beauties praise,
 Believe me that they only flatter;

For worth that's rare, and beauty fair,
Is only found near Annan water.

Bonny lass of Annan water,
Sweetest maid of Annan water;
Who can excell my Isabell,
My blooming flower of Annan water.

At the end of the song, Hymen and Cupid descend from an ætherial chariot drawn by turtle doves, attended by the Virtues, Loves, and Graces, who form a circle round the guardian spirits of the rivers, who are addressed by Hymen as follows :

RECITATIVE

Fair guardian of the far fam'd banks of Tweed,
And thou bright spirit of thy Annan's streams,
We've left your Scotian capital with speed,
Conveyed on chariot formed of solar beams.
This day I've join'd in wedlock's silken chain
Two hearts, which by such bands are seldom tied.

I know, dear Tweed, that Ord's thy fav'rite swain,
 And Annan claims the young, the blooming bride.
 Joy to the pair, long may their joys encrease,
 And all their future days be crown'd with love and
 peace.

AIR.—Tune, *For a' that*.

Dear guardian ladies of the source
 Of Annan, Tweed, and a' that,
 May happiness, through life's short course,
 Attend the pair, an' a' that,
 An' a' that, an' a' that,
 Baith health and wealth, an' a' that ;
 May virtue bright be ay in sight,
 Sae Hymen prays, an' a' that.

AIR.—Tune, *Rothemurcus's Rant*.

Sung by ANNAN.

Sweetest maid of Annan's banks,
 Gently gliding, winding Annan ;

Dearest maid of Annan's banks,
Sweet flower of winding Annan.

Tho' far thou stray'st from Hoddam's vale,
Thy loss, dear maid, we'll aye bewail,
O ne'er may grief thy heart assail,
Sweet flower of winding Annan.

AIR.—Tune, *For the lack of gold she's left me O*.
Sung by CUPID, laughing. Ha, ha, ha, alas!
poor Annan.

For Tweed's brave Ord she's left thee O,
Of thy bright gem bereft thee, O;
For a cockade thy charming maid,
Alas poor thing, has left thee, O.

During the three last songs, the attendant spirits join in chorus and form a rural dance around Cupid, Hymen, and the guardian angels of the Tweed and Annan. At the conclusion of the dance, the whole group, the humble bard, and his humbler verses included "vanish into empty air."

N. B. The preceding verses have made their appearance in other people's works, without being acknowledged as mine.

ELEGY

*On a young Gentleman who died at Angola, on the
coast of Africa.*

WHY reigns that sadness o'er fair Annan's plains?

What sounds of grief proceed from every vale?

How pensive look the nymphs, and once gay swains,

Sure, 'tis produc'd by some disast'rous tale.

"Too true indeed," reply'd a hoary sage,

"The fatal cause we ever must deplore;

The pride of youth, the hope of helpless age.

The lov'd Leander is, alas! no more.

In early youth, we saw his growing worth,

We mark'd improvement in his rising years;

But ah! when manhood's rip'ning buds shot forth,

He bade adieu—and left us all in tears.

With mind illum'd, by Science' fairest light,
 For wisdom op'd to him her ample store,
 And bade him, (to improve his gen'ius bright)
 Go search for knowledge on a foreign shore.

The sacred mandate, he with joy obey'd,
 And left his lov'd Britannia's native strand;
 Across th' Atlantic waves was swift convey'd,
 And landed safe on Afric's burning sand.

Angola's torrid scenes salute his eyes,
 Each novel object he with joy surveys;
 A num'rous train of wonders he descries,
 And 'midst a lab'rinth of delight he strays.

As the sagacious, humming, busy bee,
 From flow'r to flow'r incessantly doth roam,
 Extracting sweets, in hopes, (with heart-felt glee)
 To bear the produce to his native home.

So toil'd Leander, 'midst these burning plains,
 Extracting knowledge from each shrub and flow'r,
 In hopes the labour would reward his pains,
 And prove his solace when his toils were o'er.

But ah ! how short-liv'd are our promis'd joys,
 How soon our fairest, brightest hopes decay ;
 Like airy bubbles, blown by giddy boys,
 They burst—and *mere non-entity* display.

Contagion, arm'd with death's remorseless dart,
 Arrests Leander, 'midst his visions gay ;
 The poison'd shaft transfix'd his throbbing heart,
 And mix'd our darling with the mould'ring clay.

Lamented youth, far from thy native home,
 No pious hand, perhaps, to close thine eyes,
 Far from thy kindred, and paternal dome,
 'Mongst barb'rous nations thou unpity'd dies.

Yet never shall thy memory be forgot,
 While hardy Britons stem the stormy sea,
 Each gen'rous tar will view the sacred spot,
 And drop a tear, dear friendly youth, for thee.

Tho' far lov'd youth, far from thy kindred dust,
 On Afric's plains thy body lowly lies,
 Yet thy immortal part we hope and trust,
 Associates now with angels 'bove the skies.

Then cease, ye parents, relatives so dear,
 Far from your breasts may undue grief be driven
 For he for whom you shed the friendly tear,
 Now reigns a happy, joyous saint in heaven.

THE AMICABLE BROTHERS.

A CANTATA.

"Dulce pro patria mori."

HORACE.

RECITATIVE.

As fam'd John Bull once walk'd his usual round,
 His three lov'd brothers o'er a bowl he found ;
 Brave Sandy, born near source of winding Tay,
 And Patrick, sprung from fair Hibernian clay ;
 With honest Shon-ap-Morgan, Shinkin Shones,
 (Cot splut her nails ! Glamorgan rear'd her bones),
 " Well met, (cry'd John) my heroes stout and true,
 I've travers'd half the town in seeking you ;
 Strange news I've got—but come, let's have a swig,
 You know dry speeches are not worth a fig."
 When he had drank, and forward drawn his chair,
 His premis'd news in song he did declare.

AIR.—Tune, *Charge the musket, &c.*

Gasconading France, my lads,
Has threatened to invade us ;
Sans-Culottes in whole brigades,
Swear, under foot they'll tread us.

Chorus.

But, if concord bind our lands,
We soon will homeward chace them ;
And teach those vile frog-eating bands,
That British boys dare face them.

Oft have France's frightened fields
Beheld our lion roar, Sir ;
And oft have British swords and shields,
Been stain'd with Gallic gore, Sir.

Chorus.

And still, if concord bind our lands,
We homeward gain will chace them ;

And teach those vile frog-eating ban
That British lads dare face them.

Camperdown and Lagos bay,
Can tell how foes were frightened ;
All their honour's fled away,
eiThr boasted laurel's blighted,

Chorus.

Oh ! let us then, like Duncan fight,
Like Jervis learn to quell them ;
Then France will find for all her might,
That Britons can repel them.

Come then, brothers, ere I go,
And give me your opinions ;
Shall we fight the daring foe,
Or yield up our dominions ?

Chorus.

No, let concord bind our lands,
 And soon we'll homeward chace them;
 And teach those vile frog-eating bands,
 That British lads will face them.

RECITATIVE.

The Scotian hero, with the tidings stung,
 Grasp'd his claymore, and from the table sprung;
 His eyes indignant flash'd with martial flame,
 His heart beat high for his lov'd Scotia's fame;
 With manly warmth the trio he addressed,
 And thus the ardour of his soul confessed:

AIR.—Tune, *In the garb of old Gaul.*

When Rome's conqu'ring eagle first flew to our isle,
 The genius of Freedom was seen for to smile;

“ Proud Romans (cry’d Freedom) your conquests
 are o’er,
 Your fame’s *ne plus ultra* stands marked on our shore.

Chorus.

Such was their love of liberty, their country and
 their laws,
 That, like their noble ancestors, they stood for
 freedom’s cause ;
 They boldly fought, like heroes bright, for honour
 and applause,
 And defy’d the Roman legions to alter their laws.”

Thy stones, Aberlemno, and history can tell,
 How the arms of our fathers their foes did repel,
 And Loncarty’s plains will through ages convey,
 Our ancestors’ fame, and the glory of Hay.

Chorus.

Such was their love of liberty, their country and
their laws,

That, like their valiant ancestors, they stood for
freedom's cause ;

They boldly fought, like heroes bright, for honour
and applause,

And defy'd the northern Vandals to alter their laws.

Then ne'er let the sons of old Scotia despair,

For Freedom, blest Freedom, still deigns to reign
there ;

Beneath her bright banners fresh laurels we'll gain,
And despise the bravadoes of both France and Spain.

Chorus.

Such is our love of liberty, our country and our laws,

That, like our noble ancestors, we'll stand by Free-
dom's cause ;

And bravely fight, like heroes bright, for honour
and applause;

And defy the French, the Dons and Dutch, to al-
ter our laws.

RECITATIVE.

Charm'd with the song of Scotia's warlike son,
The brave Hibernian to his brother run,—
Arrah! my joy! (said Pat) give me your hand,
I'll fight till I can neither go nor stand;
Should these French dogs but dare to board this isle,
I'll knock them down though distant fifty mile.
Pho, boderation! don't I know my trade,
By great St Patrick! Pat was ne'er afraid.

AIR.—Tune, *Balinamona, ora, &c.*

Should Monsieur attempt to set foot on these plains,
A whack of Shillela he'll get for his pains;

I'll first knock him down, and then force him to run,
By the shot of my sword, and the thrust of my gun.

Chorus.

Sing Balinamona, ora, &c.

A proper good drubbing for me.

We'll kill all their ships, and we'll sink all their men,
There's none shall escape us, save twelve out of ten;
Then arrah ! my jewels, we'll get a fine prize,
When we strip all their dead men as fast as they rise.

Chorus.

Sing Balinamona, ora, &c.

A dear French invasion for me.

To be sure, d'ye hear me, one thing you must mind,
You must walk by my side, while I run on behind ;
As soon as I shoot them you'll blow out their brains,
And send them a-packing to count o'er their gains.

Chorus.

Sing Balinamona, ora, &c.

A charming good battle for me.

RECITATIVE.

Mov'd by the mirth of Patrick's artless lay,
 The honest Cambrian smil'd, serenely gay ;
 Swore by hur leek, and dear Saint Tavit's beard,
 With hur pest blood hur country she would guard.
 " Shall it be said that Welshmen turn their tails,
 And not defend hur own great Prince of Wales ?
Ich Dien and hur feathers, we revere,
 By Cot ! no Frenchmans ever shall come here."

AIR.—Tune, *Grandimyle*.

By great Cadwallader, hur vows and hur swears,
 If e'er she gets sight of these bloody Monsieurs,
 She'll cut off hur head, and she'll preak all hur bones,
 If hur lands in the country of Shinkin-ap-Shones.

Hur plood is unmixed with the Saxon or Dane,
 'Tis pure ancient British, without spot or stain;
 Hur's sprung from ancestors as old as the stones,
 Then who dare compete with great Shinkin-ap-
 Shones.

For freedom hur fathers forsook the green vales,
 And fled to the wild rugged mountains of Wales;
 Then think not, dear brothers, that Shinkin-ap-
 Shones
 Will yield hur dear freedom to Frenchmen or Dons.

RECITATIVE.

John Bull, with pleasure sparkling in his face,
 Clasp'd each lov'd brother in a warm embrace;—
 “ Bravo, my lads ! while thus we four agree,
 Britannia will prove sov'reign of the sea,
 Let's fill the bowl—and then in concert sing,
 Long life and health to George our gracious king,”

THE MUSE IN A PASSION.

*Addressed to Mr JAMES MACGILL, near Wigton,
Galloway.*

MY honest, worthy frien', Macgill,
I hope ye winna tak' it ill,
That I employ my rustic quill
To write to you ;
For faith I'm forc'd against my will ;
'Tis true I vow.

About the hour o' twal last night,
Lord, man ! I saw a dismal sight ;
My heart's still duntin' wi' the fright,
As weel it may ;
I doubt I winna be sae right
This mony a day.

The moon shone bright, I was na winkin',
 But thrang about auld langsynes thinkin',
 When quick I heard the door gang clinkin',

Thinks I, what's that ?

When lo ! I heard a fit come jinkin'

Full pat for pat.

A tatter'd damsel, pale and lean,
 Wi' hair dishevell'd and red een,
 Cam to the bed, and cry'd ' Gude e'en !

Wi' hollow tone ;

Thinks I, what can that spectre mean ?

I doubt I'm gone.

I sain'd mysel' through perfect fear,
 Then fault'ring spoke, ' Hail ! mistress dear,
 I wonder what ye can want here,

Or what's your grudge ;

I never murder'd ane, I swear,

As God's my judge.'

“ Silence, thou senseless, sakeless snool,
 Thou poor hen-hearted worthless tool,
 I am thy Muse, thou hair-brain’d fool,

And no a ghost ;

Wi’ thee I hac dreed muckle dool,

And labour lost.

“ I cam to tak’ a last fareweel

O’ thee, ungratefu’ grov’lin’ chiel’,

Sae ye may e’en gang to the de’il,

Whilk way ye like,

Or tak’ the road, and beg or steal,

Poor snivlin tyke.

“ Oft have I strove wi’ a’ my might

To raise thy saul, poor low-lif’d wight,

Far, far aboon th’ illiterate height

Of rustic swains ;

And yet I’ve got nought but the slight

For a’ my pains.

“ Na faith ! thou’dst rather clout auld claes,
 Or prick the lice, and hang the flaes,
 Or skelp out o’er the banks and braes,
 To sell thy duds,
 As write, though it thy name should raise
 Aboon the cluds.

“ Degen’rate wretch—when thou wast yoūng,
 Thy verses roun’ a’ Burnswork * rung,
 Nae hillock rear’d its head unsung
 Through Annandale,
 But now thy pen, and eke thy tongue,
 Are turn’d quite stale.

“ Thou’st liv’d, I think, near aught days three,
 Hard by the banks o’ bonny Cree,
 Where fairer scenes thou could’st na see,
 Roun’ Scotland’s isle,

* A hill in Annandale.

Yet they quite dull appear to thee,
And no worth while.

“ Gude gods ! could Cairnsmuir no inspire,
Or lofty Larg thy bosom fire ?

What nobler themes could'st thou desire
Thou cursed villain ?

I hope thou'lt die yet in a byre,
No worth a shillin'.

“ Had I been blest like Coila fair,
Had ane like Burns fa'en to my share,
The bays I might have seen him wear ;
But lack-a-me !

A fool's cap that is worn thread-bare,
'S o'er gude for thee.

“ Adieu ! thou worthless, peddlin' dog,
Gae trot thy ways o'er moss and bog,
May nae gudewife, wi' cap or cog,

E'er fill thy mouth,
 May thou be ever curs'd, thou rogue,
 Wi' *chapmans' drouth*!"

She said nae mair, but roun' she wheel'd,
 And to the door awa' she reel'd;
 Straight o'er the bed I got, and kneel'd
 On the cauld stanes,
 And cry'd, "O stop! I yield, I yield,"
 Wi' dismal granes.

She looked back—"Bright Muse," said I,
 "O! never from thy Lewis fly,
 Few friends I have beneath the sky,
 But thee, dear maid,
 And thou would'st leave me too, O fy!
 Ne'er be it said.

"Thou wast my frien' in better days,
 When fate shone wi' propitious blaze,

But now she sheds her baleful rays,

Thou turn'st awa' ;

Maist men pursue sic sordid ways,

Shame fa' them a'

“ I own this while I've been to blame

In writing nane—it was a shame,

But that blin', fickle, partial dame,

Gi'es ane sic flegs,

As pit folk fairly past their aim,

And aff their eggs.

“ But if ye'll pardon this offence,

Soon as the sun o'er mountains glence,

I will a second time commence

A bard, God help me !

For a' my fauts I'll mak' amen's'

Or faith ye'se skelp me.”

“Agreed,” cry’d she, “if that ye will
 Your promise sacredly fulfil,
 First write to Mr James Macgill
 This night’s adventure;
 If ye neglect, by Styx! I’ll still
 Prove your tormentor.”



THE
 EFFUSIONS OF GRATITUDE.

A SONG.

Tune, “*An’ thou wert my ain thing.*”

Addressed by the Author to his Wife, on the Thirtieth Anniversary of their Marriage.

THREE times ten summer’s suns have fled,
 Since from the church my bride I led;
 Misfortune’s tears, since then, I’ve shed,
 But never ceas’d to love thee.

My Annandalean, ever dear,
 Thy smile suppress the rising tear ;
 Then hear my vow, my *friend* sincere,
 While living I will love thee.

Though roses now have left thy cheek,
 For dimples now in vain I seek ;
 Thy placid brow, so mild and meek,
 Proclaims, I still should love thee.

My Annandalean, ever dear,
 However fate may prove severe,
 The oath I've sworn, again I'll swear,
 While living, I will love thee.

How chang'd the scene since that blest day,
 My hair's now thin and silver grey ;
 Tho' all that's mortal soon decay,
 My soul will live to love thee.

My Annandalean, ever dear,
A grateful monument I'll rear;
Thy Image round my heart I'll wear,
To tell how well I love thee.

A wife's a theme we seldom hear,
From pompous pen of Sonneteer;
I've chose a name my heart holds dear;
'Tis hers who dearly loves me.

My Annandalean, ever dear,
Whil'st thro' life's course we onward steer,
Thy gentle breast my prospects cheer,
And binds me ay to love thee.

STEWART LEWIS'S ADDRESS TO HIS WIFE.

Written by a Friend of his, after reading his Effusions of Gratitude. Inscribed to Mrs Lewis.

Air, Cameron's got his wife again.

Chorus.

Canty auld wife o' mine,
Cheerfu' auld wife o' mine ;
At fate's stern lour I'll ne'er repine,
Whilst thou'rt an auld wife o' mine.

LET bard's far fam'd in classic page,
Mak a' their painted Delias shine,
I'll sing my friend of honour'd age,
A canty auld wife o' mine.

In life's extatic, youthfu' days,
 I rapt'rous kiss'd thae lips o' thine;
 And fondly yet, with joy I gaze
 On thee, auld caunty wife o' mine.

When fortune's adverse winds did blaw,
 And maist my senses I wad tine,
 Thy smiling face drove ill awa,
 Thou ever dear auld wife o' mine.

Our bairnies ran about the door,
 Wi' breasts o' joy, ay blithe an' kin';
 Had thy head ach'd, their hearts were sore,
 For thee, auld canty wife o' mine.

Lang roun' the ingle's heartsome blaze,
 Thy thrifty hands made a' to shine;
 "Thou'st been my comfort a' my days,"
 Thou carefu' auld wife o' mine.

When life must leave our hoary head,
 Our genial souls will still be kin';
 We'll smile and mingle wi' the dead,
 Thou canty auld wife o' mine.

ELEGIAC STANZAS,

*On the Death of a Ninth Child, and at the time
 an only Son.*

THY task is o'er, sweet babe thou'rt fled,
 And left thy fragile, earthly home;
 Yet oft thy father's heart-felt lays,
 Shall deck thy early, infant tomb.

With thee is fled each ærial scheme;
 Thy fond, thy doating father drew;
 With thee is fled each rising hope,
 Which time again can ne'er renew.

In fancy's eye, I saw my child,
 Progressive rise to manhood's day ;
 Methought I saw his mind illum'd,
 With wisdom's piercing, potent ray.

I fondly dreamt, when hoary age
 Had grac'd my head with silver hair,
 My boy might then have been my prop,
 And smooth'd my wrinkled brow of care.

Illusive dreams, alas ! you're fled ;
 Remov'd is every fancy'd joy ;
 My last, bright gleam of hope's interred,
 With thee, my darling infant boy.

Vain man, how futile are thy schemes !
 How transient are thy prospects gay !
 Thy brightest views of bliss oft fade,
 Quick as the meteor's transient ray.

Adieu, ye fleeting, flatt'ring dreams ;
 Farewell each vain, terrestrial joy ;
 My joys, my hopes, alas, are fled
 With thee, my infant, darling boy.

Alas ! my boy, too soon thou'rt gone,
 And left thy fragile, earthly home ;
 Yet oft thy father's heart-felt lays
 Shall deck his William's early tomb.

THE WANDERING STRANGER.

FAR from each dear domestic scene ;
 From each lov'd object torn away ;
 Far, far, from Annan's dear lov'd banks,
 I pensive, sad, and sighing stray.

Still musing on my wayward fate,
 Through unknown lands I joyless roam,
 No hand to help, no tongue to cheer,
 Or call the wandering stranger home.

'Tho' guiltless of intended crimes,
 Yet not, perhaps, from censure free,
 I bade my native vales farewell,
 And left a land too good for me.

Now sad, forlorn, and lost, I rove,
 No pitying friend, no social dome,
 No generous heart to soothe my grief,
 Or call the wandering stranger home.

Ye happy sons of wealth and power,
 Who bask in fate's propitious beams,
 Who never saw misfortune frown,
 Who never felt her sad extremes,

While round the festive board you sit,
 Where circling goblets sparkling foam ;
 Ah ! think what grief the heart assails
 Of the poor stranger far from home.

AN EPIGRAM.

A bard went a courting one night, as I'm told,
 (For the bards are to courting inclin'd)
 He'd something forgot, you may swear'twas not gold,
 No—he'd left his dear *snuff-box* behind.

Enrag'd at the want of his *cephalic* dose,
 Not a word could he speak that was civil,
 But rummag'd his pockets, and rubbed his nose,
 With looks would have frighten'd the d—l.

Said the kind hearted fair, "I'll resign you my charms,"
 He look'd at the maid with a huff,
 To the shades get you gone! I'd prize more in my arms,
 A bladder of Murray's * black snuff.

HENRY ST CLAIR.

Drooping and sad o'er the tomb of her lover,
 Poor Mary hung weeping and wild with despair,
 In maniac fancy, she saw round her hover,
 The pale sheeted spectre of Henry St Clair !

"O stay" she exclaim'd, "thou pale ghost of my
 "Harry,
 "Relieve me, relieve me, from anguish and care;
 "Ah no—see he flies from his heart-broken Mary;
 "Adieu! still I'll love thee, dear Henry St Clair."

* Mr Murray, tobacconist, West Port, Edinburgh, from whom the Author gets his snuff.

Dark night gather'd round her, and grim grew the sky,
Blanch'd was her cheek, once so ruddy and fair;
The beam that once sparkled forsook her bright eye,
She died on the grave of young Henry St Clair.

LINES

Addressed to Mr A. LUMSDAINE, Edinburgh Castle.

FROM a vale where the Leven's clear torrents descend,

Not far from the noise of a mill,

Accept, my dear Sir, of those lines newly penn'd,

'Tis just such a gift as a poet can send

To his friend at the top of the hill.

If ever sincerity sprung from the breast,

Or truth from the point of a quill,

Believe me, it ever shall be my request,

That heav'n may show'r down each blessing that's best,

On my friend at the top of the hill,

May health, blooming health, all your footsteps pursue,
 And contentment attend on you still ;
 May the ensuing year, *eighteen hundred and two*,
 Be a period propitiously smiling on you,
 Dear friend on the top of the hill.

May the wife of your bosom, the friend of your heart,
 Be ever protected from ill ;
 May you never experience a moment of smart,
 Till honour'd old age shall at last bid you part,
 Dear friends from the top of the hill.

On the steep craggy top of Edina's fam'd pile,
 Long may you each duty fulfil ;
 That fortune on all your endeavours may smile,
 May you rank 'mong'st the happiest men in the isle,
 Dear friend on the top of the hill.

Adieu then, my friends, I will constantly pray,
 That bliss may attend on you still ;

Wherever I'm doom'd by misfortune to stray,
 While I live, this shall still be my favourite lay,
 "Success to my friends on the hill."



GRATITUDE.

Addressed to Mrs LUMSDAINE, Edinburgh Castle.

To God, that great power whom we all must adore,
 Our gratitude surely is due;
 Our parents demand our most partial regard,
 Next our friends—I mean friends such as *you*.

Yes, madam. my heart still accords with my pen,
 To acknowledge a debt that is due;
 'Tis gratitude, O! how my bosom dilates,
 When I think I'm indebted to *you*.

“ May the generous heart” be exempted from care,
 Is a toast that shall ever be new ;
 And may heaven reward, the friend of the bard,
 That friend, my dear madam, is *you*.

ANNAN'S WINDING STREAM.

Tune, *Gramachree*.

ON Annan's banks, in life's gay morn,
 I tun'd my “ wood notes wild,”
 I sung of flocks and flow'ry plains,
 Like nature's simple child.

Some talk'd of wealth, I heard of fame,
 But thought 'twas all a dream ;
 For dear I lov'd a village maid,
 by Annan's winding stream.

The dew-bespangled, budding rose,
The garden's flow'ry pride,
Was ne'er so blooming, nor so fair,
As she I wish'd my bride.

The sparkling radiance of her eye
Was bright as Phæbus' beam ;
Each grace adorned my village maid,
By Annan's winding stream.

Dread war's shrill clarion fiercely blew,
The sound alarm'd mine ear,
My country's wrongs call'd for redress,
Could I my aid forbear ?

No—soon in martial garb array'd,
With arms of brightest gleam,
I sigh'd and left my village maid,
By Annan's winding stream.

When gentle peace again returns
 With all her smiling train,
 I'll quit, with joy, the gay parade,
 And canvass-cover'd plain.

I'll seek the vale that gave me birth,
 The vale I most esteem ;
 And haste to clasp my village maid,
 By Annan's winding stream.



SCOTIA'S ADDRESS TO BONAPARTE.

Written at the period of the threatened Invasion.

Tune, *Killiecrankie*.

GREAT gasconading Bonaparte,
 For gude sake slack your jaw, man ;
 Dare to invade, if ye've the heart,
 Auld Calèdoni-a, man ;

But by the bluid o' our forbears,
 We've sworn, baith ane an a' man,
 Ye'se rue the day ye sail'd away
 Frae native Corsi-ca, man.

Poor self-conceited, upstart thing,
 How proud ye puff an' bla' man;
 By heavens! ye'll play anither spring,
 Gin ye come here awa' man;
 Our martial lads, wi' belted plaids,
 And bonnets blue, an a' man;
 Ance fleg'd, ye ken, your fam'd brigades,
 Near Alexandri-a, man.

Italia's fiddlers ye may fright,
 Phlegmatic Dutch an' a' man,
 But mark me, fam'd *La Mancha's Knight*,
 We mind ye no ae straw, man;
 'Mang Scotian hills, fair freedom reigns,
 Ador'd by great an' sma' man;

We'll fight, while blood runs thro' our veins,
 For Caledoni-a, man.

As far as earth extends its bounds,
 Or fame's loud trump can blaw, man,
 The Caledonian name resounds,
 Rever'd and fear'd by a', man ;
 May a' the ills o' frantic Gaul,
 Plump on his cranium fa', man,
 Wha wadna risk his life—his all,
 For Caledoni-a, man.

Our brithers, south the Esk an' Tweed,
 In concord join, an' a', man ;
 Our glorious Tars have a' agreed,
 To give the ocean law, man ;
 Tho' faction vile, in yon green isle,
 Rebellion's weapons draw, man,
 We'll ever sing, " God save the king,"
 And " Rule Britanni-a", man.

ON BURNS' ANNIVERSARY.

Tune, *Ye Banks, &c.*

YE sons of verse, ye favour'd few,
 Whom friendship's ties this night combine,
 Behold that face * so much rever'd,
 With laurel wreaths that brow entwine;
 A name to genius ever dear,
 Departed, great, immortal Burns;
 Again returns thy natal day,
 But Scotia's bard no more returns.

Cease, throbbing hearts, cease, falling tears,
 Alas! what can your grief avail?
 The bard who taught you first to feel,
 Now sleeps in death's dark, dreary vale.
 Peace to his shade, fame crown his grave,
 While feelings in your bosoms burn;

* Alluding to the Portrait hung up in the room where the Anniversary was held.

With rev'rence hail the natal day
Of him who never can return.

While Caledonia's thistle waves,
While Scotia's genius pours her song;
So long, sweet bard to nature true,
So long shall time thy fame prolong.
Yes, Coila's heav'n-taught son of song,
Each feeling heart will deck thy urn;
And hail with joy, the natal day,
Of him, ah ! gone ne'er to return.

The above, and foregoing song, have appeared in print. For their faults I am responsible; if they possess any beauties, as their author, I have a right to claim them.

BRITANNIA CONSOLED.

Written in the year 1810.

ON the high tow'ring top of the fam'd Calton-hill,
Britannia of late took her stand;

In attitude pensive, she lean'd on her spear,
 With her eyes turn'd to Gaul's hostile land.
 With blushes indignant her cheeks were suffus'd,
 While her white bosom throbb'd with a sigh,
 I mark'd the big tear often fall on her breast,
 As it roll'd from her bright-beaming eye.

“Remember your fathers,” Britannia exclaim'd,
 “How oft have they fought on yon fields?
 How frequent the blood of the vanquished Gauls
 Has empurpled their swords and their shields?
 Can Cressy—can Agincourt e'er be forgot?
 Where Edward, where Henry once fought;
 Can the matchless achievements of Marlbro' the
 great,
 Be ever expung'd from your thought?”

“Rouse, heroes of Albion, and sound the alarm,
 'Tis heaven commands you to fight,

Your laws, your religion, your lives are at stake,

Draw your swords, and assert human right.

Shall Britain, the envy of nations around,

Ever bow at a Corsican's shrine?

No—sooner may bolts from the thunder of Jove,

To the centre strike both me and mine.”

A silence ensu'd—when behold from the clouds,

Enrob'd in celestial array,

A spirit descended from regions of light,

In a chariot resplendent as day.

A radius of glory encircled his brow,

From his breast hung a brilliant star;

Britannia with rapture beheld her great son,

'Twas the *Hero* of fam'd Trafalgar.

“Hail! Genius of Britain, my dear native isle!

All hail to the land of the brave!

Thou see'st now before thee, thy high honour'd child,
 Thy once fav'rite son of the wave.
 On pinions celestial, I range round thy shores,
 Tho' by gross human eye ne'er descry'd ;
 'Twas the mandate of heav'n, I a guardian should prove
 To the land for whose freedom I died.

“ Behold how thy Navies triumphantly ride,
 They exultingly dash the proud wave ;
 Thy Tars are legitimate sons of the sea,
 They'll spurn at the name of a slave.
 Trust thy own potent arm—on no other depend ;
 Let Britons in concord agree ;
 Then, soon will the slaves of a despot confess,
 That *Britons* alone can be free ”

“ Th' advice is divine,” cried the Genius, with joy ;
 “ My Nelson immortal shall prove ;

Behold on that hill—see yon trophy of fame,

'Twas to honour the son whom I love.

“ All hail ! to the shade of my Nelson, the brave ;

All hail ! to the fane of his fame ;

May the sons of Edina for ever be blest,

Who have strove to *eternize* his name *.”

* The Author owes the preservation of this Poem to a respectable friend in Annandale, without whose care it must have been lost for ever.

THE END.

